

sheer cleverness, as it is today with the
 young who set
 out to imitate Donne's ingenuity without
 his intensity,
 in a way that suggests Blake's Lamb trying
 to frisk itself
 into the likeness of Blake's Tiger.
 Cleverness, it seems
 to me, has its place in poetry, but only a
 second place,
 as the tiring-maid of passion or of beauty.
 The cleverness
 of Beddoes makes his loveliness not inferior,
 but a more
 complex, artificial thing than that of
 Wordsworth's Lucy
 or Tennyson's Mariana. Not for him
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
 but

Crescented night and amethystine stars.

A violet is not for him a simple violet; it is
 like

Pandora's eye
 When first it darkened with immortal life
 (as if life, like death—even more than death,
 perhaps—
 threw a sad shadow when it came), A pine-
 tree across the
 moon turns into a river before his agile
 gaze:

One snowy cloud
 Hangs like an avalanche of frozen light
 Upon the peak of night's cerulean Alp,
 And yon still pine, a bleak anatomy,
 Flows like a river on the planet's disk
 With its black wandering arms.

(And yet there are persons who deny a visual
 imagination
 to be needed for enjoying poetry!) Even a
 moonlit
 water-drop holds for him within it the
 semblance of a
 whole world's unhappiness:

For what is't to the moon that every drop
 Of flower-held rain reflects and gazes on
 her!
 Her destiny is in the starry heavens,
 Theirs here upon the ground, and she doth
 set
 Leaving her shadow no more to delight
 them,

And cometh ne'er again till they are led.